PR 4670
.A37 C5

PRICE 25 CENTS

The Miser of Raveloe

Dramatized from "Silas Marner"

A PLAY
IN
FOUR ACTS

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO

Helps for Higher Teachers

FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By H. C. Peterson, Ph. D. Revised and enlarged edition. The volume is primarily a practice book for actual class writing, following an individual and progressive system of graded exercises, and detailing a course of study in composition correlated with literature. For grammar and high schools. Illustrated. 213 pages. Cloth. Price, 40 cents.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Inez N. McFee. Made up of chatty biographies of American and British authors to date and pieces from their works that are rich in thought and various in style and sentiment. In addition helpful suggestions, references, critical opinions, notes, memory gems, questions, etc., are included. Illustrated. 557 pages. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

DEVELOPMENT LESSONS IN MENSURATION. By Wm. F. Sell. Contains over one thousand examples and problems illustrating the practical use of mensuration. 74 pages. Boards. Price, 25 cents.

ORTHOGRAPHY, ETYMOLOGY AND PUNCTUATION. By S. R. Winchell, A. M. A text book and book of reference for schools, colleges and private students. It embodies the essential facts concerning the English language, with concise rules for spelling, punctuation, the use of capital letters, etc., together with a list of words in common use most frequently misspelled. 189 pages. Cloth. Price, 60 cents.

ONE HUNDRED AUTHORS. By Bessie H. Shedd. A book which gives a rapid and complete summary of all essential facts of English and American literature, with a selected list of quotations. It also outlines a plan of study for the following classics: The Vision of Sir Launfal, The Lays of Ancient Rome, A Christmas Carol, The Lady of the Lake, and Enoch Arden. 145 pages. Cloth. Price, 30 cents.

PICTURES IN LITERATURE. The set consists of thirteen drawings, plate size 12x15 inches, each illustrating a scene from some favorite English or American classic, as Snow-Bound, Evangeline, Enoch Arden, The Great Stone Face, A Christmas Carol, etc. In envelope. Price, per set, 40 cents.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY - CHICAGO

THE MISER OF RAVELOE

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

Dramatized from Eliot's "Silas Marner"

BY

The Class of 1909

CAIRO (ILLINOIS) HIGH SCHOOL

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

CHICAGO

PR 4670
.A37C5

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY
A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

SECOND edition, to which the old English carols have been added, and some minc changes made. It is perhaps worthy of note that the first edition was exhauste within less than two years' time, the play having been successfully presented i that short period by a large number of high schools, including several of thos of the city of Chicago.

©CLD 23890

FOREWORD

The play "The Miser of Raveloe" is based upon George Eliot's "Silas Marner," and is an attempt to represent in dramatic form a few of the most striking incidents of that novel.

This play was planned and for the most part written by members of the Second Year Class of the Cairo (Illinois) High School, to supplement their study of the novel. It was staged, costumed, and played by the class for their regular rhetorical exercises. The costumes were home-made, the stage furniture manufactured by the manual training class after school hours. The play requires from one hour and forty-five minutes to two hours for presentation. If the pantomime in Act II is prolonged, or if the songs in Act III are encored, the maximum time is required.

There is an increasing effort in high schools (and in grammar schools also) to make the Friday afternoon literary exercises corellate with and grow out of the actual work of the school. There is also a demand for short plays suitable for such occasions. Children are born actors, and take more readily to the play than to any other form of literary expression.

In this play the atmosphere of the novel has been kept as far as possible, most of the dialogue except that in the third act being taken verbatim from the book. In acting his part, each pupil was obliged to study his "Silas Marner" very carefully, in order to interpret his particular character truthfully. A great many directions concerning stage "business" have been omitted from the play, in order that the actors may be unhampered in presenting the situations. A list of stage properties also has been omitted, as these were of the simplest and most obvious character.

It is hoped that what has been of service to one high school, in its effort to interpret dramatically one of its classics, may be of benefit to others.

The Class of 1909
Margaret Wilson
Teacher of English

Cairo High School

DRAMATIS PERSONAÆ

SQUIRE CASS, *master at the Red House*
DR. KIMBLE, *the village doctor*
MR. CRACKENTHORP, *the rector*
MR. LAMMETER, *a rich farmer*
GODFREY, DUNSTAN, } *sons of the Squire*
SILAS MARNER, *a weaver*
MR. SNELL, *landlord of the Rainbow Inn*
MR. MACEY, *clerk of the parish*
MR. TOOKEY, *deputy clerk*
BEN WINTHROP, *a wheelwright*
JEM RODNEY, *a mole-catcher*
SOLOMON, *a fiddler*
AARON, *Ben Winthrop's son*
THE FARRIER
THE BUTCHER
MRS. KIMBLE, *the Squire's sister and the doctor's wife*
MRS. OSGOOD, *aunt of the Lammeter sisters*
MRS. CRACKENTHORP, *wife of the rector*
PRISCILLA, NANCY, } *daughters of Mr. Lammeter*
FIRST MISS GUNN, SECOND MISS GUNN, } *the wine-merchant's daughters from Lytherly*
MISS LADBROOK *of the Old Pastures*
DOLLY WINTHROP, *the wheelwright's wife*
EPPIE, *daughter of Godfrey Cass and Molly Farren, adopted by Silas Marner*
HOUSEKEEPER *at the Red House*

SCENE: *The village of Raveloe, at the Red House and in Silas Marner's cottage*

COSTUMES: *English of the beginning of the nineteenth century*

THE MISER OF RAVELOE

ACT I

SCENE: *Dining-room at the Red House.* HOUSEKEEPER *dusting chairs and arranging table.*

HOUSEKEEPER: These be the laziest people, here! What I think about it is that this house is goin' to the dogs.

[*Enter* DOLLY WINTHROP.]

DOLLY: Good-mornin', ma'am.

HOUSEKEEPER: Good-mornin', Mrs. Winthrop, and how are all the folks at the village? I s'pose, now, you've got all *your* bakin' done a'ready, and your house as clean as *anything.*

DOLLY [*taking a chair*]: Yes, it's a sight o' bakin' that's got to be done. Men's stomichs is made so comical; they want a change, they do—I know, Lord help 'em! [*Sighs.*]

HOUSEKEEPER: Here, the squire never eats till ten o'clock, and the boys eat any time they want to.

DOLLY: What this house needs is a *young* woman to manage it. I reckon as how you're gettin' old.

HOUSEKEEPER: But who would come here, with these big lazy boys? The Squire can't keep 'em in order himself.

DOLLY: There's Miss Nancy Lammeter. She might do somethin' with the boys, especially Godfrey.

HOUSEKEEPER: Yes, she could, but I know she won't marry any man that's goin' to the bad the way Master Godfrey is—an' a shame, too, for he always has been such a good boy.

DOLLY: And that poor boy, Dunstan, he's goin' to the bad, too, doing nothin' but racin' and drinkin'. As I tell Ben, it's a pity for gentlefolks to be al'ays at the Rainbow.

HOUSEKEEPER: The Squire ought to have driven him away long ago—spiteful, jeerin' fellow! It's him that's leadin' Master Godfrey to the dogs. [*Goes over to the window.*] Well, if there ain't Master Silas Marner coming up the road! And he's got that old sack on his back. I just wonder what he keeps in it.

DOLLY: I just come from there, me an' Aaron. As I said, I'd a bakin' and I took him some lard cakes—poor lone man as he is, with no woman to do for him!—an' I hope they'll do him good, that I do!

HOUSEKEEPER [*in a low tone*]: They say as he's sold himself to the Evil One. Jem Rodney says sometimes his soul leaves his body and he's just like a dead man.

DOLLY: Poor soul! Day after day he sits there weavin,' with them queer eyes of his, an' never knowin' Sunday from Saturday. It's my belief he don't know what a church bell means.

HOUSEKEEPER: Could it ha' been they had no church north'ard where he came from?

DOLLY: I don't know as to that, but when my little Aaron as has a voice like an angil was singin' the good tunes and carrils to cheer him up a bit, he just sat there same as if he didn't hear a thing.

HOUSEKEEPER: They say he has bags and bags o' gold. It's a wonder some one don't rob him.

[*Enter* GODFREY. *Both women rise and curtsy.*]

GODFREY [*absently*]: Good-morning.

HOUSEKEEPER: Good-mornin', Master Godfrey. [*She and* MRS. WINTHROP *move toward door.*]

GODFREY: Will you see if you can find Dunstan for me, and ask him to come here at once? I wish to speak to him.

HOUSEKEEPER: Yes, sir, I will, sir. [*Women curtsy and leave room.* GODFREY *walks back and forth across the room, his hands behind him, his head bowed.*]

GODFREY [*to himself*]: I wish I were well out of this scrape; for half a crown I'd tell the Squire about it myself and have done with it. [*Stands by fireplace, with his hands in his pockets.*] I wonder what the Squire would do—disinherit me, I'll wager. He's so excitable and quick-tempered. [*Looks dejected, but braces up as he hears* DUNSTAN'S *step, and frowns.*]

[*Enter* DUNSTAN.]

DUNSTAN [*mockingly*]: Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me? You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when *you* sent for me.

GODFREY [*savagely*]: Well, it's just this: That money I gave you

to keep you quiet about my marriage was not mine. It was rent-money that Fowler paid me for the Squire. Now the Squire is threatening to sue Fowler for the money, and you've got to get it, d'ye hear? The Squire's short of cash and in no humor to stand any nonsense.

DUNSTAN [*coming closer*]: Oh! Suppose, now, you pay the money yourself and save me the trouble. Since you were so kind as to give it me, you surely won't refuse to pay it back for me.

GODFREY [*clenching fists*]: Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down.

DUNSTAN [*still mockingly, but retreating a few steps to pick up* GODFREY'S *riding-whip, which he taps on his hand*]: Oh, no you won't, or I might tell the Squire how his handsome son is married to that *nice* young lady, Molly Farren, and is very unhappy because he can't live with his drunken wife. Then you would be turned out, and I'd step into your shoes, *so*. But I won't do it, for I'm so good-natured, you know. So you'll just pay the hundred pounds to oblige me.

GODFREY: How can I get the money? I haven't a shilling to bless myself with.

DUNSTAN: Borrow of old Kimble, or try that old miser, Silas Marner, at the Stone-pits. I'll wager he's got it.

GODFREY: I can't get any more from Kimble, and as for the weaver, Silas Marner, you know he'd never let a penny escape him.

DUNSTAN: Sell Wildfire, then.

GODFREY [*bitterly*]: It's like you to talk in that cool way about my selling the last thing I can call my own, and the best bit of horseflesh I ever owned! Besides, I must have the money immediately.

DUNSTAN: Well, you've only to ride him to the hunt tomorrow. Bryce and Keating will be there, and you'll get more than one bid for him.

GODFREY: I dare say, and get back home at eight o'clock, splashed up to the chin. I'm going to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance tomorrow night.

DUNSTAN: Oho! To the dance—ay! and dance with fair Miss Nancy, and promise never to be naughty again, and be taken into favor again, and Miss Nancy——

GODFREY: Hold your tongue about Miss Nancy, you fool, else I'll throttle you!

DUNSTAN: What for? Miss Nancy wouldn't mind being a second, if she didn't know it. And it 'ud be saving time in case Molly should take an overdose of laudanum some night and leave you a widower. Besides, you've a good-natured brother who'll keep your secret, for you'll be so obliging to him.

GODFREY: If you had any sense, you'd know that you may urge a man too far. My patience is nearly at an end. You drain me of money till I've nothing left to pacify *her* with, and she'll tell some day, as she threatens. It's all one. I'll tell the Squire myself and you can go to the——

DUNSTAN: As you please, but I'll have a glass of ale first. [*He rings bell. Sits down at the table and strikes it with the whip.*] You'd better let me sell Wildfire, though. [*Enter* HOUSEKEEPER *with ale mug. She places it on table and disappears.*] You know *I* can drive a bargain.

GODFREY: Very likely! Trust my horse to you!

DUNSTAN: As you please. It's *you* who've got to pay Fowler's money, not me. [*Drinks deliberately and with elaborate carelessness.*]

GODFREY: Well, you mean no nonsense about the horse, eh? You'll sell him fair and square, and turn the money over to me?

DUNSTAN: Ay, ay; I thought you'd come around! I'm the fellow to make old Bryce pay. I'll get you a hundred and twenty for the horse if I get a penny.

GODFREY: Perhaps it will rain tomorrow and you can't go.

DUNSTAN [*rising*]: Ah, no, not *it!* I'm always lucky in my weather. You have the looks, but I have the luck.

GODFREY: Well, see that you are sober, else you'll get pitched on your head tomorrow and Wildfire might be the worse for it.

DUNSTAN: Make your tender heart easy. You never knew me to see double when I've got a bargain to make; it 'ud spoil the fun. Besides, whenever I fall, I'm warranted to fall on my feet. [*Exit, taking* GODFREY'S *whip with him.*]

GODFREY: I don't know but I am a fool to let Dunstan sell that horse. I might, after all, borrow of Silas Marner. But that is doubtful. All day he weaves his cloth and at night counts his money over and over, and never a sixpence slips through his

fingers. . . . Suppose I were to tell the Squire everything. I couldn't be much worse off than I am now, and I'd at least have Dunsey off my back. I'll do it!

[*Enter* SQUIRE CASS.]

SQUIRE: What, sir, haven't you had your breakfast yet?

GODFREY: I was waiting to speak with you, sir. I've had my breakfast.

SQUIRE: Well, speak. You youngsters' business is your own pleasure, mostly. [*Sits down at table. Enter* HOUSEKEEPER, *bringing ale; arranges table; exit.*]

GODFREY: Dunstan was just——

SQUIRE: Has Dunstan been here? I thought I told him to keep away.

GODFREY: It wasn't my place to tell him to keep away, sir. We were talking——

SQUIRE: What business have you with Dunsey?

GODFREY: The truth is, sir, I'm very sorry, but Fowler paid me that hundred pounds; and Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it. I thought I should be able to pay it before this.

SQUIRE [*turning fiercely upon* GODFREY *and pounding table with his fist*]: You let Dunsey have that money! And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue* with him to steal my money? Are you turning out a scamp, too? I tell you I won't have it! I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house and marry again. My property's got no entail on it. Remember that, sir!

GODFREY: I meant to pay you the money, sir. I never meant to steal it. You never knew me to do a dishonest trick, sir.

SQUIRE: Where's Dunsey, then? Go fetch him, and I'll make him give an account of what he wanted the money for.

GODFREY: Dunsey has gone to sell Wildfire, so I can have the money to pay you.

SQUIRE: Sell Wildfire! You let Dunstan take your horse? I tell you what it is, you've been up to some trick, and took the money to bribe Dunstan not to tell.

GODFREY: Why, sir [*hesitating*], it was a little affair between

Dunsey and me. It's no matter to anyone else. It's hardly worth while prying into young men's fooleries.

SQUIRE: Fooleries! It's time you'd ha' done with fooleries and settled down. [*Takes glass and drinks.*] As I said, settle down! You're old enough to think about getting married. Now there's Lammeter's daughter. I suppose if I'd said you nay, you'd have kept on with her, but for want of contradiction you've changed your mind, eh?

GODFREY: No-o, I like Nancy.

SQUIRE: You're a shilly-shally fellow! You take after your poor mother. The lass has not said downright she won't have you, has she?

GODFREY: No, but I don't think she will.

SQUIRE: Think! why don't you *know?* Haven't you asked her? Do you want *her?*—that's the point.

GODFREY: There's no other woman I want to marry.

SQUIRE: Well, if you haven't the pluck to ask her, I'll ask for you. Lammeter won't object to his daughter marrying into *my* family, I fancy.

GODFREY: I'd rather let it be, sir, at present. She is a little offended with me now, and I should like to speak for myself.

SQUIRE: Well, speak, then, and manage it, and see if you can't turn over a new leaf.

GODFREY: I hope you won't try to hurry the matter by saying anything, sir.

SQUIRE: I shall do as I choose. I'm master here. Now [*rising*], I want you to drive over to Cox's and tell him to leave off suing Fowler. Since you've no horse of your own, go order Trumpeter. There's your whip.

GODFREY [*picking up whip and looking at it*]: This isn't my whip. It's Dunsey's. He must have taken mine.

SQUIRE: Ah, I suppose, now, if Dunsey wanted your head he could have it. You'd never miss it. Come, don't stand there. [*Exit.*

GODFREY: *So* much is over. [*Exit.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

[TIME: *Evening of the following day.*]

SCENE: SILAS MARNER'S *cottage, in which are disclosed a loom, two or more chairs, and a table on which are bags of money and a piece of meat for cooking.* SILAS *seated at table counting his money. He turns it over and over, holds it to the light, weighs the separate pieces in his hands, puts it in a heap and seems to bathe his hands in it; fondles it.*

SILAS [*reluctantly putting money into bags*]: Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence. . . . Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence. [*Carries bags of gold to the loom and hides them beneath it. Begins to weave, breaks thread and mutters as he holds thread in hands.*] No more in the house! [*Goes to fire and puts meat on jack to cook. Takes up his hat and bag for thread.*] I'll go get more thread. [*Goes to door; comes back into room, looks all about, then goes out.*]

[*Pause. Loud knocking on door. Pause. Knock repeated. The door is rudely pushed open and* DUNSTAN *stumbles in. He stands at the door an instant, shading his eyes and blinking at the firelight. Then he comes to the middle of the room, looking all about him.*]

DUNSTAN: Ah, the old miser is not at home, it seems. Brr [*guttural sound*]! it's cold and stormy out of doors! [*Goes to fireplace, holds hands over blaze; rubs hands. Pulls chair up to fire and sits down. Spies the meat.*] Aha! The old man is not such a fool as people think he is. He has pork for his supper. Folks have always said he lived on mouldy bread, to save. [*Musingly:*] They say he has money. [*Pause.*] I've had a cursed piece of luck today: took one fence too many and staked Wildfire—poor Wildfire has panted his last. Now, back to Godfrey without money. Well . . . [*He turns to the fire again, then looks about the room uneasily.*] They say this old miser of a weaver has money. Where can he be? If I could get my hands on him, I'd have his money or throttle him. I wonder

where he can be . . . late at night . . . door left open . . . supper cooking. . . . Could he have fallen into the Stone-pits? I wonder where he hides his gold. [*Goes about the room, looking in every corner, in every possible place but the right one. Finally, gives up and drops into chair near loom.*] Such luck! Well [*rising*], I'll set out before Marner comes back. [*As he rises he drops his riding-whip and stooping to pick it up, discovers the hiding-place.*] A loose brick! The hiding-place of the money! My luck has changed at last. [*Removes brick and takes out bags, weighing them in his hands.*] There must be more than two hundred pounds here. Suppose the old miser has fallen into the Stone-pits! Who would ever know? I'll have enough to pay Godfrey and enough for myself. Now, for my escape! [*He carefully restores brick, and leaving everything as he found it, steals from room.*]

[*Enter* SILAS, *sack on his back. Throws down sack, takes off coat, goes to fire and sees to meat.*]

SILAS [*muttering*]: A bad night . . . a bad night! I'll put my gold on the table, then I'll have supper. [*Goes to loom, takes up brick, and discovers loss. At first seems dazed, then alarmed. Finally he screams.*] My gold! My gold! I've been robbed! No, that couldn't o' been. Maybe I put it over here. [*Runs frantically over the room, searching everywhere.*] I've been robbed. [*He goes to the door.*] Help, I've been robbed! [*Staggers back into room.*] Will no one come to help me!

[*Falls into chair and buries his face in his hands.*]

[*Enters crowd from Rainbow Inn, in confusion, carrying mugs.*]

ALL [*together*]: What's the matter? Who called?

MR. SNELL: Speak, Master Marner, an' tell us what's the matter.

SILAS: Robbed! I've been robbed! I want the constable, and Squire Cass, and Mr. Crackenthorp——

MR. MACEY: Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney. He's off his head, I doubt.

JEM RODNEY [*starting toward* SILAS, *but, alarmed at his threatening look, backing away*]: Lay hold on him yourself.

SILAS [*advancing toward* JEM]: Jem Rodney!

JEM RODNEY: Ay, Master Marner, what do you want wi' me?

SILAS: If it was you stole my money, give it me back.

JEM RODNEY: Me stole your money! I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealin' your money!

MR. SNELL: Come, come, Master Marner, speak up sensible, if you want any help.

THE FARRIER: To be sure, to be sure. Let's have no more screamin' or starin', else we'll have you strapped for a mad man. That's why I didn't speak at first. Thinks I, the man's mad.

MR. MACEY: Now sit down, sit down, and speak out. You've been robbed, you say?

JEM RODNEY: He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him. What could I ha' done with his money?

MR. SNELL: Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say. Now then, Master Marner.

SILAS: All I know is I've been robbed. Won't some one get the thief?

MR. SNELL: It isn't Jem who has your money, Marner. You musn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver wink—but Jem's been a-sitting here, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account.

MR. MACEY: Ay, ay, let's have no accusing of the innicent. That isn't the law.

SILAS: I was wrong . . . Yes, yes . . . I ought to have thought . . . I don't accuse him . . . I won't accuse anybody . . . only I wonder . . . I wonder where my gold can be.

BUTCHER: How much money was there, Master Marner?

SILAS: Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence. I counted it this evening.

BUTCHER: Pooh! They'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all.

MR. TOOKEY: There was a peddler in the village——

MR. MACEY: You keep quiet, Tookey! What's the peddler to do with it?

MR. SNELL: Come, come, Master Marner wants to find the thief. It's my 'pinion as two o' the sensiblest should go to Master Kench's and get him to 'point a deppity——

THE FARRIER: I'll go, an' if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man.

BUTCHER: You can't be a constable. No doctor can be a constable.

MR. MACEY: And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor, for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss fly.

MR. SNELL: Come, come, the truth lies between you. You're both right and both wrong. Now I propose we all go, and Master Marner can go, too. Come, Master Marner.

[*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN

ACT III

[TIME: *Night of New Year's Festival.*]

SCENE: *Parlor of* SQUIRE CASS'S *house. Curtain rises on* MRS. KIMBLE, *surrounded by her brother's guests*—MRS. CRACKENTHORP, MISS LADBROOK, MRS. OSGOOD *and the* MISS GUNNS, *the latter patting their ribbons in place and smoothing their hair, assisted by* MRS. KIMBLE, *while* MRS. CRACKENTHORP *looks severely on.*

MRS. KIMBLE [*addressing the* MISS GUNNS]: Where do you get your ribbons? You always wear the latest fashions in dresses. Really, I quite envy you.

FIRST MISS GUNN: Oh! do you like them? I'm so glad. We do seem rather fortunate, but sister is such a genius. She has such taste.

SECOND MISS GUNN: Sister!—Ladies, don't mind her, she is such a flatterer!

MRS. KIMBLE: My dear Mrs. Osgood, do let me pat that ribbon into place. [MRS. OSGOOD *surprised, but allows her to do so.*] It was annoying me so. There [*turning to the* MISS GUNNS], isn't that better? [*Chorus of "So pretty," and "Oh! Yes."*]

MRS. CRACKENTHORP: Such worldliness!

[*Enter* NANCY, *drops curtsy and advances toward* MRS. KIMBLE, *who runs to welcome her. They exchange greetings.*]

MRS. OSGOOD: How do you do, niece? I am very glad you came early. Let me present the Miss Gunns. [NANCY *and the* MISS GUNNS *curtsy.*]

MRS. KIMBLE: Did you have a pleasant ride? I was so afraid you would be fatigued for the dance, coming on horseback as you did. Where is Priscilla? I haven't seen her yet.

NANCY: Priscilla is coming behind, and ought to be here any minute. She sent me ahead with father, while she attended to some things at home.

[*Enter* PRISCILLA *breathlessly.*]

PRISCILLA: How do you do, Mrs. Kimble, and there's the Miss Gunns and Aunt Osgood, I do declare! How are you all? And there you are, Nancy. Yes, I've got here at last. What do you think of these gowns, aunt? They're Nancy's choice and nothin' will do her but we dress alike, for all my bein' five years older. I don't fancy I look pretty in 'em like Nancy, for I'm ugly, but I don't mind, do you? [*This last spoken to the* MISS GUNNS, *who look offended.*]

FIRST MISS GUNN [*aside to her sister*]: Isn't she rude?

SECOND MISS GUNN [*aside*]: How very hoydenish!

MISS LADBROOK: Dear me, dear me, she makes my nerves quite— Where is my smelling bottle?

NANCY [*aside*]: Oh! Priscilla!

PRISCILLA: Well, what's the matter now?

NANCY: You asked the Miss Gunns if they minded being ugly. You're so blunt.

PRISCILLA: La, la! did I? Well, it's a mercy I didn't say more.

MRS. OSGOOD [*aside to* MRS. KIMBLE]: I *do* wish niece Priscilla were more like Nancy [*sighing*].

PRISCILLA: No, I don't mind being ugly. The pretty 'uns will do for flycatchers. They'll keep the men off us. I've no opinion of the men. [NANCY *is arranging* PRISCILLA'S *hair.*]

FIRST MISS GUNN: What do you think of *these people?*

SECOND MISS GUNN: Oh, Miss Nancy is pretty in a way——

MISS LADBROOK: Mr. Godfrey thinks so, too, they say. [*Simpering:*] He is *such* a lovely man—so romantic!

First Miss Gunn: I don't see what he sees in *her.*
Second Miss Gunn: And that terrible sister! Such a family!
Miss Ladbrook: It's nearly time for the gentlemen to be coming. Really, I'm very nervous. [*To* Priscilla:] Won't you give me that fan, dear? [Priscilla *throws it at her. All look shocked.*]
Nancy: Oh, Priscilla!
Mrs. Osgood: Yes, I think they are coming. Are you all ready?
Miss Ladbrook: Dear me, dear me, *do* I look ready? I shall be so glad to see Mr. Godfrey—so romantic!
First Miss Gunn: Hold your head a little higher, sister.
Priscilla: Well, I guess I'm ready! There's nothing wanting now to frighten the crows.
Second Miss Gunn [*aside*]: Such manners!
Mrs. Kimble: Yes, you all look beautiful.
Mrs. Crackenthorp: Young people, nowadays, think entirely too much of *dress,* and some *older* people encourage 'em in it.

[*Enter* Squire Cass.]

Squire: Good-evening, ladies. [*Bows.*] I hope I see you all in good spirits. [*Ladies curtsy.*]
First Miss Gunn: We always are, Squire, when we have such gallants as you with us.
Squire: Ah! you flatter me.

[*Enter* Godfrey.]

Squire: There you are, Master Godfrey. I thought you'd be making your way in soon. Eh! ladies? [*Winks and laughs.* Godfrey *makes his way to* Nancy *after bowing to all the ladies.*]

[*Enter* Dr. Kimble, Mr. Lammeter, *and* Mr. Crackenthorp.]

Dr. Kimble: Ah, Squire, glad to see you. You're looking younger than Godfrey there, and well you might with all these fair ladies about you. [*Bows to the ladies.*]
Mr. Crackenthorp: Ay, an' there's Godfrey. I knew you would have found Miss Nancy by this time. [Nancy *looks embarrassed.* Mr. Crackenthorp *touches her cheek.*] Ha! Miss Nancy, when anybody pretends this has been a severe winter, I shall tell them I saw the roses blooming on New Year's Eve.
Squire [*offering snuff-box to gentlemen*]: Ay, ay, us old fellows

may wish ourselves young to-night, when we see the mistletoe-bough in the white parlor.

[DR. KIMBLE, *who has been going from one lady to another, exchanging a few words while the others are talking, now stops near* PRISCILLA.]

DR. KIMBLE: Miss Priscilla, the sight of you revives the taste of your super-excellent pork-pies. I hope the last batch isn't near an end.

PRISCILLA: Yes, indeed it is, Doctor, but I'll answer for it the next shall be as good. My pork-pies don't turn out well by chance.

SQUIRE: Not as your doctoring does, eh Kimble? [*Laughs and passes snuff-box around again.*]

DR. KIMBLE [*going over to* NANCY]: Ha! Miss Nancy, don't forget you have promised me one dance this evening.

SQUIRE: Come, come, Kimble, give the young 'uns a chance. There's my son Godfrey, he's bespoke her for the first dance. [*To* GODFREY:] Haven't you?

[MISS LADBROOK *has managed to engage* GODFREY *in conversation.*]

GODFREY: No, I've not asked her yet, but I hope she'll consent—if somebody hasn't been before me.

NANCY: No, I've not engaged myself.

GODFREY: Then I hope you have no objections to dancing with me.

NANCY [*coldly*]: No, no objections.

DR. KIMBLE [*to* GODFREY]: You're a lucky fellow, but as you're my god-son, I won't stand in your way.

[*Enter* BEN *and* DOLLY WINTHROP, *dragging* AARON *by the hand.* AARON *is bashful and has finger in his mouth.*]

SQUIRE: Ah, Aaron, I thought you would be coming round to see the dancing.

DOLLY: Ay, ay, sir, my little Aaron and me did get here. [*To* AARON:] Come Aaron, speak to the Squire. [AARON *retreats behind his father.*]

BEN: He's so bashful, but he's going to speak up pretty and sing for the ladies and gentlemen soon. [*Ladies come nearer.*]

SECOND MISS GUNN: Bless his little heart! Isn't he sweet?

MRS. OSGOOD: Do let us hear the song.

[MRS. KIMBLE *goes to* AARON *and tries to coax him to center of room.* AARON *breaks away and runs to his mother, hiding his head.*]

BEN [*taking child by the hand and slowly drawing him to center of stage*]: Come, come, Aaron, be a man an' sing the pretty song for the ladies and gentlemen. There now, that's it. Now the song. That's very naughty. Be a good boy and sing.

NANCY: Perhaps if some one would sing first, Aaron would not mind so much.

SQUIRE: Sure enough. Miss Gunn, won't you favor us?

FIRST MISS GUNN: Oh, I couldn't, really. Perhaps sister——

SECOND MISS GUNN: Now, sister, how can you, when you *know* my voice is dreadful, now!

GODFREY [*who has been vainly trying to escape* MISS LADBROOK'S *attentions*]: I'm sure Miss Ladbrook will favor us.

MISS LADBROOK [*dropping her handkerchief in a flutter of excitement*]: Would it give *you* pleasure? Ah, if I only could! My handkerchief, please. [GODFREY *picks it up.*]

SQUIRE: Then all together—a good rousing old English song. Kimble, you lead.

[*Here may be sung an old English ballad such as "Sir Simon de Montfort" or "Good King Wenceslas."**]

NANCY [*who has been whispering to* AARON *during singing*]: Aaron says he'll sing now. [*She leads child to center of stage, and retires to rear, where she takes her seat. After many false starts* AARON *sings.*]

AARON [*sings "with a chirp, and in melody that has the rhythm of an industrious hammer"*]:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay:
For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
Was born on Christmas Day.

[*After song he runs to his mother and hides his face in her lap. The sound of a violin is heard.*]

SQUIRE: Why, there's Solomon now, with his fiddle. Ben, you

* *FOUND in back of book.

and the lad sit over there where you can see everything. [BEN *and* AARON *retire to corner.* SQUIRE *steps nearer door and calls:*] Solomon, round here, my man.

[*Enter* SOLOMON, *who bows in all directions, then faces* SQUIRE.]

SOLOMON: I hope I see your honor well and wish you a long life and a Happy New Year.

SQUIRE: Thank ye, Solomon. [*Faces guests.*] Now, let's have a good old Sir Roger de Coverley. Everybody get their partners. Mrs. Osgood, will you do me the honor? [*Gives her his arm and places her opposite him in the set.*] Kimble, you follow with Miss Lammeter. Now, Godfrey, you and Nancy. Crackenthorp, Mrs. Kimble, Mr. Lammeter, Miss Gunn, everybody! [*Guests arrange themselves for dance.*]

SQUIRE: Now, Solomon, let's have "The Flaxen-Headed Plough Boy." Play it lively, now, like this [*keeps time with hands and moves head*], tum-tum-tum, ti-tum-ti, ti-tum-tum. Now, everybody ready. [SOLOMON *makes preliminary scrapes on fiddle.*]

[*Enter* SILAS MARNER, *carrying child.* SQUIRE *sees him.*]

SQUIRE: How's this? What's this? What do you mean by coming here in this way?

SILAS: I've come for the doctor! I want the doctor! [*Confusion among guests. Dancers gather in groups.*]

CRACKENTHORP: What's the matter, Marner?

SILAS: It's a woman. She's dead, I think . . . dead in the snow at the Stone-pits . . . not far from my door.

[GODFREY *comes nearer and looks at child.*]

MR. CRACKENTHORP: Hush, I'll fetch the doctor. [*To* SQUIRE:] Found a woman in the snow, thinks she's dead. Just tell the ladies a woman is ill from cold and hunger. [*To* KIMBLE:] Come, Kimble.

[*Several ladies crowd around* SILAS.]

NANCY: What child is it, Godfrey?

GODFREY [*faintly*]: I don't know . . . some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I believe. [*Walks a little forward. Mutters to himself:*] Molly's child and mine. That must have been Molly they found out there. My child, and I can't own it!

MRS. KIMBLE: You'd better leave the child here, Master Marner, as long as you're all by yourself.

SILAS: No, I can't part with it. I'm going to keep it for my own. It's been sent to me and I've a right to it, and keep it I shall.

MRS. OSGOOD: But you know nothing of the care of children. What will you do with it?

SILAS: It's my little sister come back to me, and it's mine [*clutching it closer*]. 'Twas sent to me for my gold. It's got no one to see to it, so I'll do it myself.

MR. LAMMETER: Here's Dolly Winthrop. She's handy at that sort of thing. She'll help you.

BEN: Ay, that she will, gladly. We men folks can see to the woman.

DR. KIMBLE: Come, Master Marner, we'll go with you now. Lead the way and we'll follow. [*Exeunt.*

[*The ladies all cluster around* DOLLY, *who takes the child from* SILAS.]

CURTAIN

ACT IV

[TIME: *Sixteen years later.*]

SCENE: SILAS MARNER'S *cottage. Bags of gold on table. Enter* EPPIE, SILAS *and* AARON, *and seat themselves near table.*

AARON: There can be no doubt now that it was Mr. Dunstan as took your money. When the Stone-pits suddenly went dry there was a skeleton wedged between two great rocks. There was his watch and Mr. Godfrey's whip and the money.

SILAS: He must ha' fallen in that night. I remember it was terrible black and stormy. Sixteen years!

EPPIE: Well, daddy, the gold's back now.

AARON: I'd always heard that Mr. Dunsey went off to the wars. Think of his stealing all that money and lying out there in the Stone-pits all these years!

EPPIE [*shuddering*]: Oh!

SILAS: Ay, child, it's terrible.

EPPIE: Daddy, did you love your gold?

SILAS: Ay, child, ay. Every night before supper I'd take it out and count it and talk to it. I remember the night it was stolen, and I missed it, Eppie. I'll tell you, I missed it! But you've more than made up for it, my dear. After you came I never had any time to think about my gold. At first I'd a sort of a feeling that *you'd* changed into gold.

AARON: An' well you might, too.—I was just a little lad, but I remember her little golden head on your arm, when you brought her to the Red House. There's been a deal of change there since then—the old Squire dead and Mr. Godfrey married to Miss Nancy Lammeter these fifteen years!

SILAS: Sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see my gold. And sometimes I thought I'd be glad if it would come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit I should have thought it was a curse coming in, if it drove you from me.

AARON: Ay, she's better nor gold!

SILAS: You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little 'un, you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you.

EPPIE: But I know now, father. If it hadn't been for you, they would have sent me to the workhouse, and there would have been nobody to love me.

SILAS: Eh! my precious, if you hadn't come, I should ha' gone to the grave. The money was taken away from me and you were sent to take its place. And if you were lost, I might well think God had forsaken me.

[*Knock.* EPPIE *goes to door. Enter* GODFREY *and* NANCY. EPPIE *makes curtsy and places chairs for them.*]

NANCY [*shaking hands with* EPPIE]: We're disturbing you very late, my dear. [EPPIE *goes over and sits down by* SILAS.]

GODFREY [*after a pause*]: Marner, it's a comfort to me to see you again with money that you have been deprived of for so many years. It was one of my family who did you wrong,—the more grief to me. And [*slowly*] there are other things I am beholden to you for, Marner.

SILAS [*appearing ill at ease*]: Sir, I've a deal to thank you for

a'ready. As for the robbery, I count it no loss to me. And if I did, you couldn't help it. You aren't answerable for it.

GODFREY: You may look at it that way, but I don't, and I want you to let me have my will. You've been a hard-working man all your life.

SILAS: Yes, sir, yes. I should ha' been bad off without my work.

GODFREY: Ay, it is a good trade for you in this country, because there's been a good deal of linen weaving to be done. But you're getting old. How old are you?

SILAS: Fifty-five, as near as I can say, sir.

GODFREY: Oh, you may live thirty years yet. Look at old Macey. Now, that money on the table. It won't go far, and you've had two to support a good many years now.

SILAS: Eh, sir, I'm in no fear of want, and few working people have as much as that. I've a plenty—almost too much. It's little we want.

EPPIE: Only the garden, father.

NANCY: You love a garden, do you, my dear? We should agree in that. I give a great deal of time to the garden.

GODFREY: Ay, there's plenty of gardening at the Red House. You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It 'ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not good for any hardships. She doesn't look like a strapping girl, come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off and make a lady of her. She's more fit for it than for a rough life such as she might come to have in a few years' time.

SILAS: I don't take your meaning, sir!

GODFREY: Well, my meaning is this, Marner: Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children—nobody to benefit by our good home and everything else we have—more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have some one in the place of a daughter to us. We should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child.

NANCY: It would be a great comfort to you in your old age, I know, to see her fortune made, after you have been at the trouble of bringing her up so well, and it's right you should have every reward for that. Eppie will always love you and be grateful to

you. She'd come and see you very often, and we should all do everything we could towards making you comfortable.

AARON: Eppie!

SILAS: Speak, Eppie.

[EPPIE *moves around to* SILAS *and places her arms around his neck.*]

EPPIE: Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady. I thank you all the same. But I couldn't give up the poor folks I'm used to.

GODFREY: But I have a claim on you, Eppie, my child, the strongest of all claims. It is my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child and provide for her. She is my own child. Her mother was my wife. I have a natural claim on her that must stand before any other.

SILAS: Then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen years ago and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming when you might as well take my heart from my body?

GODFREY: I know that I was wrong, Marner, but I've repented now.

SILAS: I am glad to hear you say it, sir, but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen years. Your coming now and saying, "I'm her father," doesn't alter the feelings inside us.

GODFREY: But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner. I should . . . I should have thought your affection for Eppie would have made you rejoice in what was for her good.

SILAS: We will let the child choose between us. I'll say no more. Let Eppie choose for herself. [*Looking at* EPPIE:] Choose as you will, my child.

GODFREY: Eppie, my dear, it'll always be our wish that you should show your loving gratitude to one who has been a father to you so many years.

NANCY: But we hope you will come to love us as well.

GODFREY: And though I haven't been the father I should have been, I'll do my utmost to make you happy, and you will have the best of mothers in my wife.

NANCY: My dear, you'll be a treasure to me, and we shall want for nothing when we have our daughter.

EPPIE: Thank you, ma'am, thank you, sir, for your offers. They are very great, but they are far above my wish.

SILAS: But you must make sure, Eppie, as you won't ever be sorry because you have made your choice to stay among poor folks.

EPPIE: I can never be sorry, father. I shouldn't know what to do with fine folks and fine things. What could I care for them?

NANCY: What you say is natural, my dear child. It's natural you should care for those who brought you up, but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father.

EPPIE: I can't feel as I've got but one father. I can't think of any other home. I like working folks, and I'm promised to marry a working-man as will live with father and help me to take care of him. [*Crosses to* AARON *and takes his hand.*]

GODFREY [*rising*]: Come, Nancy.

NANCY: We won't talk of this any longer. We're your well wishers, my dear, and yours, too, Mr. Marner. We shall come and see you again. [*Exit* GODFREY *and* NANCY.

AARON: Are you sure, Eppie?

EPPIE: Sure, Aaron. [*With one hand still in that of* AARON, *she holds out the other to* SILAS.] Dear old Daddy!

[*Tableau.*]

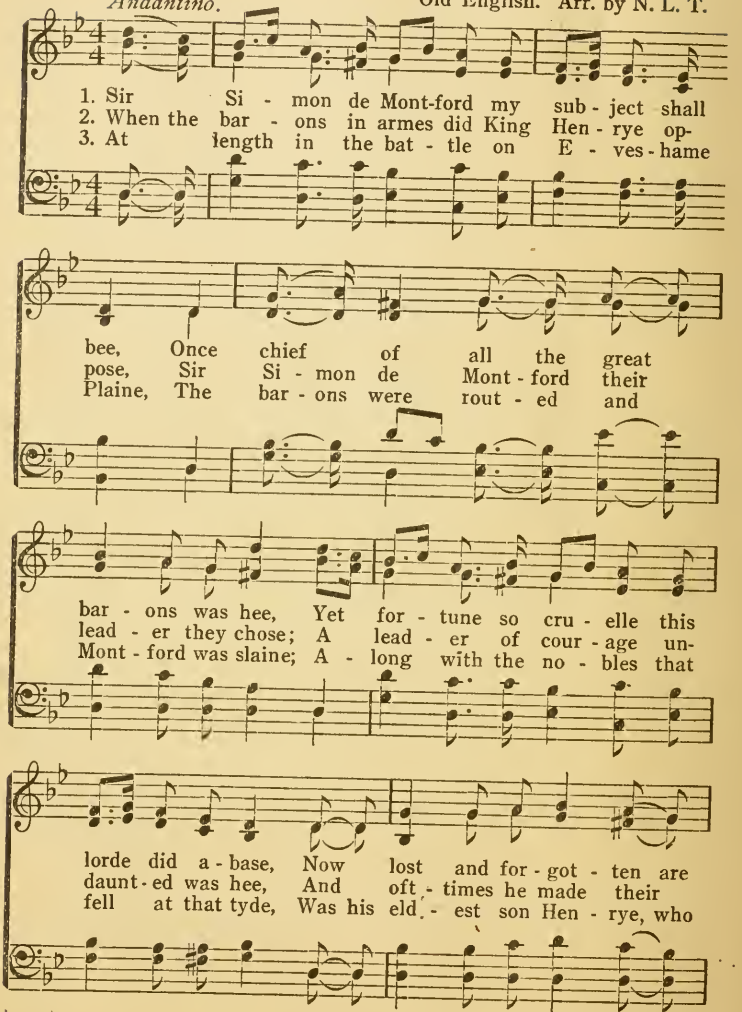
CURTAIN

MUSIC

SIR SIMON DE MONTFORD

(AN OLDEN BALLAD)

Andantino. Old English. Arr. by N. L. T.


1. Sir Si - mon de Mont-ford my sub - ject shall
2. When the bar - ons in armes did King Hen - rye op-
3. At length in the bat - tle on E - ves - hame
bee, Once chief of all the great
pose, Sir Si - mon de Mont - ford their
Plaine, The bar - ons were rout - ed and
bar - ons was hee, Yet for - tune so cru - elle this
lead - er they chose; A lead - er of cour - age un-
Mont - ford was slaine; A - long with the no - bles that
lorde did a - base, Now lost and for - got - ten are
daunt - ed was hee, And oft - times he made their
fell at that tyde, Was his eld - est son Hen - rye, who

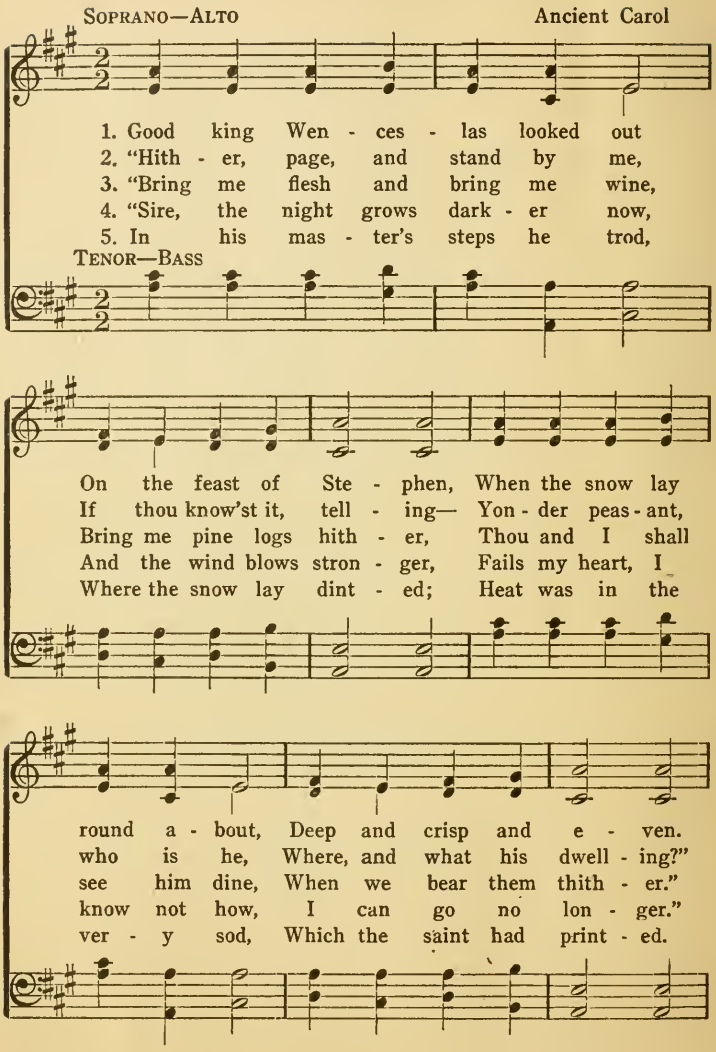
Sir Simon de Montford—Concluded

4. A baron's fair daughter stept forth in the night
To find her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing young Henrye where gasping he laye,
Was movéd with pitye and brought him awaye.

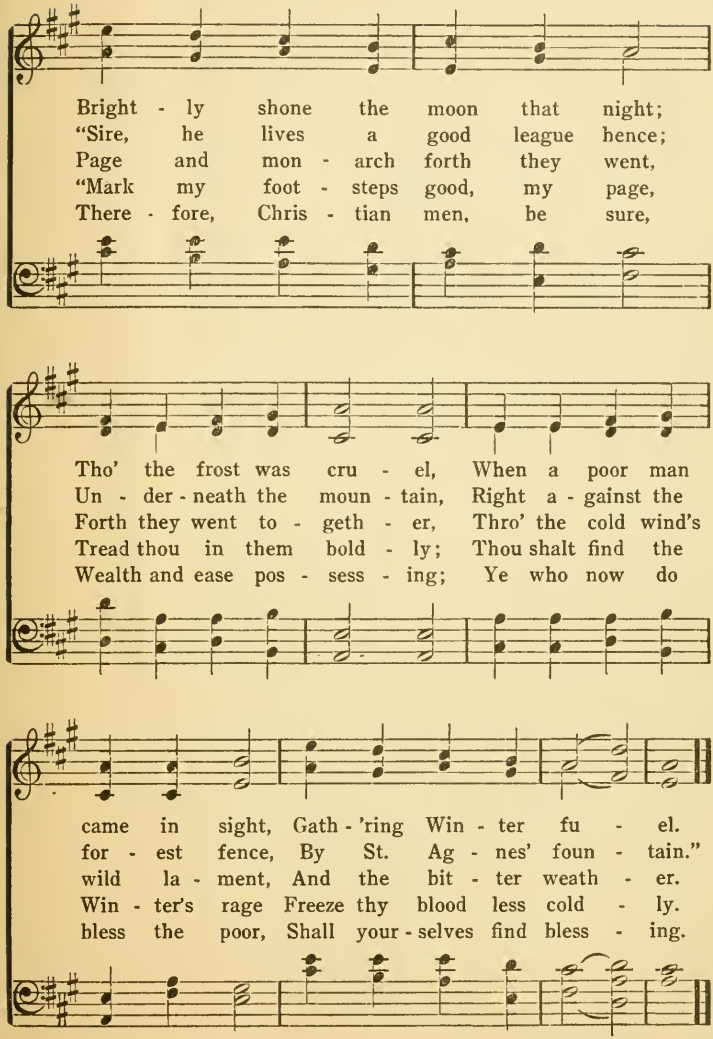
5. In secrette she nurst him, and swayed his paine,
While he elswhere was believed to be slaine;
At length his faire bride she consented to bee,
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie.

6. Thus many long winters now have I beene
The sillye blind beggar of Bednan greene.
And thus have you learnéd a secret from me,
That ne'er had been known but for prettye Bessie.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS


Soprano—Alto
Ancient Carol
1. Good king Wen - ces - las looked out
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,
3. "Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
4. "Sire, the night grows dark - er now,
5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod,
Tenor—Bass
On the feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
If thou know'st it, tell - ing— Yon - der peas - ant,
Bring me pine logs hith - er, Thou and I shall
And the wind blows stron - ger, Fails my heart, I
Where the snow lay dint - ed; Heat was in the
round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven.
who is he, Where, and what his dwell - ing?"
see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."
know not how, I can go no lon - ger."
ver - y sod, Which the saint had print - ed.

Good King Wenceslas—Concluded


Bright - ly shone the moon that night;
"Sire, he lives a good league hence;
Page and mon - arch forth they went,
"Mark my foot - steps good, my page,
There - fore, Chris - tian men, be sure,
Tho' the frost was cru - el, When a poor man
Un - der - neath the moun - tain, Right a - gainst the
Forth they went to - geth - er, Thro' the cold wind's
Tread thou in them bold - ly; Thou shalt find the
Wealth and ease pos - sess - ing; Ye who now do
came in sight, Gath - 'ring Win - ter fu - el.
for - est fence, By St. Ag - nes' foun - tain."
wild la - ment, And the bit - ter weath - er.
Win - ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.
bless the poor, Shall your - selves find bless - ing.

PLAYS

There is a growing tendency to make the Friday afternoon literary exercises correlate with, and grow out of the actual work of the school as far as possible. There is also a demand for short, sensible, educative plays, suitable for such occasions. We offer the following :

THE MISER OF RAVELOE. Based upon George Eliot's novel, Silas Marner. An attempt to represent in dramatic form a few of the most striking incidents of that story. Planned and written by the members of the second-year class of the Cairo (Illinois) High School. Time, one hour and a half, or may be prolonged, by pantomime and songs as suggested, to two hours. Price, 25 cents.

THE BLACK KNIGHT. For eighth grade, Grammar School, and First Year High School. Pharaphrased from Scott's Ivanhoe and presented in the Westport, Conn., schools.

Presents Scott's Ivanhoe splendidly as a review, and intensely interesting as a play upon its merits, without a knowledge of Ivanhoe. Time, one hour. Price, 25 cents.

THE PROBLEM OF RHETORICALS, LITERARY EXERCISES AND CLASS PROGRAMS

Much of the work done under the above head is, to say the least, not satisfactory from an educational point of view. The time is to a large extent wasted.

We offer a set of programs on an entirely new plan, **Practical Educational Programs** for Literary Societies and Rhetorical Exercises, by Christianna Spencer, High School, Spring Valley, Minn.

Among the many programs, a number will be found making splendid outlines for essays, composition work, debates and general assistance in history and exercises in rhetoric.

31 Programs. Price, 25 cents.

We have a full line of all material for school entertainments. Ask for Entertainment Catalogue.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

APR 10 1911

Of Interest to High School Instructors

FRENCH DRAMATIC READER. For use in Secondary Schools. By Loreley Ada Ashleman, A. M., Acting Head of French Dept., Central High School, Detroit, Mich.

The Reader is made in three parts. The first consists of the text of twelve historical plays; the second of a rapid review of the grammar work usually done in the First Year High School French Course; the third of vocabularies.

The material used has been taken from the leading French historians, Michelet, Guizot, Taine, etc. Each play is followed by a questionnaire, historical and grammatical. The plays have been arranged so that their vocabulary increases in difficulty from first to last.

Cloth, leather back. 300 pp. Price, 75 cents.

OUTLINE STUDIES IN THE SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA. By Mary E. Ferris-Gettemy, M. L., Galesburg (Illinois) High School. No matter what edition of Shakespeare's works you, as teacher, student or lover of Shakespeare, may have, you cannot fail to have interest added to the study of this great poet by making use of Outline Studies in Shakespearean Drama.

A pronouncing index to the characters in Shakspeare's plays is a most valuable addition to this study of Shakespeare. Every character of Shakespeare's plays is given in alphabetical order, the correct pronunciation, and the play in which it may be found.

Cloth. Illustrated. 361 pages. Price, 75 cents.

LITTLE CLASSICS. We have new editions of JULIUS CAESAR and MERCHANT OF VENICE, each about 100 pages. Clear type. Handy form. Notes. Lines numbered, etc. For the money, these are the best editions on the market. Price, in manila covers, 12 cents each.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT, MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. By S. Laura Ensign. The outlines are adapted to any text or reference books to which the pupil may have access.

Cloth. 268 pages of outlines, notes, maps, all difficult names respelled or diacritically marked. Price, 75 cents.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. It aims to place before its readers a clear, continuous, interesting and suggestive outline of the social, political, intellectual and religious development of the English people from the earliest time to the present. 129 pages. Price, 25 cts.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Popular Entertainment Books

ALL THE HOLIDAYS. By Clara J. Denton. Contains 34 dialogues, exercises, and plays, and 36 recitations for all occasions and all grades. 201 pages. Price, 30 cents.

BAXTER'S CHOICE DIALOGUES. Ten short, spicy dialogues for old and young. 64 pages. Price, 15 cents.

CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS. The best all-round books of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, charades and drills for all grades. Four books published, each having over 200 pages. Price, each 30 cents.

DICKERMAN'S DRILLS AND MARCHES. Seventeen new drills and exercises for the lower grades. Music and many illustrations. 86 pages. Price, 30 cents.

FAVORITE SONG PANTOMIMES. By Marie Irish. A collection of twenty-six of our old and favorite songs arranged with full directions for pantomiming. Frontispiece illustration. 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THE NORMAL DIALOGUE BOOK. Humorous dialogues, tableaux, charades, shadow scenes and pantomimes for school exhibitions. Thirty-one selections in all. 181 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENTS. Contains 77 recitations, 12 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 10 songs, 12 tableaux, and 32 quotations. For all grades. 144 pages. Price, 25 cents.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS. Has 72 recitations, 11 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 8 songs, 4 tableaux, and 33 quotations. 160 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THIRTY NEW CHRISTMAS DIALOGUES AND PLAYS. New, original, bright and clever Christmas dialogues and plays for children of all ages. 175 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK. By Jos. C. Sindelar. This is a companion volume to the author's Christmas Celebrations, of which over 30,000 copies have been sold within about three years. Almost wholly original, introducing many unique and novel entertainments. 160 pages. Price, 30 cents.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY - CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 491 727 3

Suggestive Essays and Orations

By CHARLES READE. For Commencement and other occasions. A new edition, entirely revised, rewritten and reset. This volume contains over fifty essays and orations on all subjects, and for all occasions, together with a choice collection of salutatories, valedictories, class songs, class mottoes, (both English and Latin), and a brief treatise on how to speak in public This last is an important feature of the book. Its aim is not as a text book in elocution, but as a practical help for the student who has never before spoken in public and desires to make a creditable showing. A chapter on how to make commencement successful has also been added with the hope that it may prove of much benefit to teachers handling this difficult problem. The book contains matter for Grammar Schools, High Schools and Colleges. It is the best and most complete work on the subject published. Printed from large new type, on good paper.

224 pages. Cloth. Price, $1.00

CONTENTS

FOR COMMENCEMENT

Salutatories: For Grammar School, High School and College
Valedictories: For Grammar School, High School and College, and three Valedictory Poems

Class History
Class Poem
Two Class Prophecies
Class Will
Three Class Songs
A President's Address
A Farewell Address
Address to Graduates
Class Mottoes (over fifty)
Class Yell
How to Make Commencement Successful

ON ORATORY

The Oration
The Orator
Selected Subjects (one hundred)
Parts of an Oration

FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Our National Holidays
Abraham Lincoln
Birthday of Washington
The Union Soldier
The Soldier Boy
A Tribute to Our Honored Dead
Independence Day

ESSAYS, ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES

Forty-six of them in all. We mention a few:

America a World Power
Americanism
America's Coming Greatness
Books
Education
Expansion
Immortality of Good Deeds
Labor and Capital
Material Wealth of Uncle Sam
Men: Made, Self Made and Unmade
Mental Wealth of Uncle Sam
Modern Fiction
Moral Wealth of Uncle Sam
Municipal Reform
New Era in Higher Education
New Opportunities in a New Age
Our Country
Power and Aim
Progress of Humanity
Pursuit of Happiness, The
Success in Life
True Greatness
True Socialism, The
Uncle Sam: His Character
Uses of Education for Business
Value of Reputation
Wealth. Etc., Etc.

A. Flanagan Company - Chicago